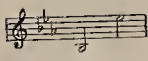



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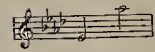
No 1 in E \flat



No 2 in F



No 3 in A \flat



THERE IS NO DEATH



WORDS BY
GORDON JOHNSTONE

MUSIC BY
GEOFFREY O'HARA

PRICE 2/- NET
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(NO DISCOUNT)

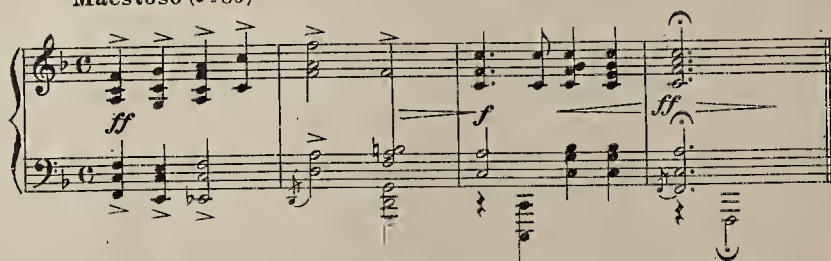
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NEW YORK LONDON TORONTO
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THERE IS NO DEATH!

Words by
GORDON JOHNSTONE

Music by
GEOFFREY O'HARA

Maestoso (♩ = 86)



f

I tell you they have not died, They live and breathe with you; They

search for an open door we move from room to room

ten. *mp*

walk now here at your side, They tell you things are true. Why

there is no tomb why

più mosso *marcato*

dream of pop-pied sod, When you can feel their breath, When
all ye them a love *shows that ye love dear* *the*

più mosso *marcato*

ff

flow'r and soul and God Knows there is no death!
all is love *the all is here*

mf *p* *mf*

I tell you they have not died, Their hands clasp yours and mine; They

Agitato-

are now but glo-ri - fied, They have be-come di - vine. They

e molto, accel. *ritardando*

live! they know! they see! They shout with ev - 'ry breath:

agitato e molto accel. *ritardando*

marcato *ff*

"All is E-ter - nal life! There is no death!"

THERE IS NO DEATH!

I tell you they have not died,
They live and breathe with you;
They walk here at your side,
They tell you things are true.
Why dream of poppied sod
When you can feel their breath,
When flow'r and soul and God
Knows there is no death!

*Death's but an open door,
We move from room to room,
There is one life, no more;
No dying and no tomb.
Why seek ye them above,
Those that ye love dear?
The All of God is Love,
The All of God is Here.*

I tell you they have not died,
Their hands clasp yours and mine;
They are but glorified,
They have become divine.
They live! they know! they see!
They shout with every breath:
"Life is eternity!
There is no death!"

GORDON JOHNSTONE.

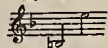
Editor's note:

In justice to the writer we have reprinted his poem in full, and exactly as his original was written.

Other Notably Successful Sacred Songs

by
BERNARD HAMBLÉN

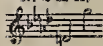
Nº 1 in F



Cast Thy Burden

(A veritable gem of Sacred melody)
vide press.

Nº 2 in Ab



REFRAIN

Adagio religioso

poco cresc. *poco rall.*

Cast thy bur-den on the Lord, He shall thee sustain; He hath promised in His word Ease for all thy pain.

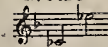
colla voce

He who knows thy every care shall thy footsteps guide,
Cast thy burden on the Lord, in His love abide.

VERSE - Sometimes the way is dark, the path unknown;
Thy spirit seems to bear its cross alone;
There is no song of bird, no wayside flow'r,
No light to guide thee through the darksome hour, etc.

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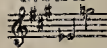
Nº 1 in F



Jesus of Nazareth King!

(A magnificent song of triumph)
vide press.

Nº 2 in A



FINALE

Andante maestoso

Tripl. *Tripl.* *dym.* *p* *rall.*

Hail, King E-ter-nal, All praise to Thee, Who bore our sor-rows Ouyon-der trees;

Owe we Thy sceptre, in willing thrall,
Hail, hail, King of all!
Jesus of Nazareth, King!

OPENING. Jesus of Nazareth, King!

A humble Nazarene, upon a cross of shame,
Pierced and bruised is suffering for those who scorned His name;
Around His form is hovering grim Death, with sable wing;
Above His head, a sign is writ - "Jesus of Nazareth, King!" etc.

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Other Notably Successful Sacred Songs

by
BERNARD HAMBLÉN

No 1 in Ab

The Still, Small Voice

No 2 in C

REFRAIN

p dolcemente

dim.

cresc.

Hearken, O wanderer thro' the night, Head thou the still, small voice, Leading thee on to realms of light, Bidding thy

Sweetly it tells of rest from pain, Sorrow and sighing o'er,
In that fair land where Love doth reign Perfect forever more.

Rough is the path and thorny
Thy weary feet must tread;
Dark is the way before thee,
Storm-clouds are overhead.
Dimly is seen the vision,
Low burns the sacred flame;
Yet, thro' the world's loud clamour,
The world's loud clamour,
Yet, thro' the world's loud clamour
Rings clear one Blessed Name.

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No 1 in F

On Eagles' Wings

No 2 in A

REFRAIN

p Andante moderato

cresc.

rit.

They that wait upon the Lord Shall their strength re-new; Wear-iness shall pass away As the morning dew;

They shall run and falter not Who his mercy prove,
They shall mount on Eagles' wings In His perfect love.

1st Verso - Where is thy strength, O pilgrim?
Why doth thy courage fail?
Canst thou not climb the mountain peak,
Or tread the lonely vale?
One Power alone can help thee,
Leading thee all the way;
He will thy faltering footsteps guide,
Keep thee from day to day.
They that wait upon the Lord
Shall Their strength renew;
Weariness shall pass away
As the morning dew;

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Four Indian Songs

A Cycle of Four Songs

Words from "The Garden of Kama"

by Laurence Hope

Music by

HERMANN LÖHR

(Keys: Low, Medium and High)

To maintain the high standard of previous achievement is something to be placed on the record of any labourer in the field of Art. When Hermann Löhr submitted "**Songs of the Southern Isles**" to the verdict of a critical public, they were received with a chorus of approval, but his creative instinct seems not to have rested content with such speedy recognition, and in quick succession he has written these "**Four Indian Songs**."

Through the medium of Laurence Hope's realistic verse, he has "heard the East a-callin'," like Kipling's "ten year soldier," and for the time being has evidently "heeded nothin' else." All the veiled mysticism, the relentless fascination and the pitiless fatalism of the East have been woven into the texture of these songs. In "**Starlight**" we seem to see the midnight sky of the Orient ablaze with myriad points of light, which by their cold brilliance intensify the passion and pain of the lover's questionings.

"**Just in the Hush Before the Dawn**" is full of mystery and eeriness which are heightened by the recurrence of a simple triplet figure in the voice part and the accompaniment. The song closes in a climax eloquently suggestive of the Oriental spirit of "Kismet."

Tragic and poignant feeling throbs in every note of "**This Passion is but an Ember**." This consummation is reached by very simple harmonic means which alone are a tribute to the composer's talent. "**On the City Wall**" embodies the tragedy of the meeting of East and West,—of the "blue eyes that conquer the brown eyes,"—and the resultant hopeless love.

"Blue eyes so clear and brilliant,
Brown eyes so dark and deep,
Those are dim and ride away,
These cry themselves to sleep."

Here again, the heights of Love and Sorrow are touched, and the means employed are so simple and direct as to make this number all the more convincing.

If anything further were needed to strengthen the regard in which Hermann Löhr is held by singers and song-lovers the world over, this Cycle of Four Songs would do much to achieve that object.

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